

THE JOKER WORSTED

BY BARRY PAIX.

"What was the matter with you the other day?" I asked.

"What day?" he said snappishly.

"Yesterday, I think. You were going down Bond street in aansom. You were without a hat. Your face was dusty and your nose was bleeding. Your collar was—"

"Stop!" he said. "I'll tell you about it. Are you a fool?"

"No," I replied.

"You're fairly clever?"

"Certainly. In fact, that understates it."

"Then it will be a warning to you. It was cleverness brought me to the condition in which you saw me. I've been getting cleverer and cleverer of late. Mind, I've signed off now. I'm going to be as big a fool as other people in future, but—"

"Do get on with the story."

"I say that it was a dirty trick of Jennings to run away like that. And those silly books about Theodore Hook and other practical jokes ought to be stopped, and—"

"You're too incoherent. Begin at the beginning."

"That's what I was doing, more or less. If I hadn't read that stuff about the man betting that he'd make the utter stranger invite him to dinner and winning it, I could have kept quiet, but after that I kept on having clever ideas. Mind, my idea about the ticket inspector wasn't bad, though that wasn't what—"

"Tell me about the ticket inspector first."

"Oh, that was at Baker street. I saw there was an inspector on the hunt, and having a first class ticket, I got into a second class carriage. My idea was to tell him that I hadn't got a second class ticket, but was quite willing to change into the third. Then he'd say that I could not do that and should have to pay the excess, the difference between second and third. Then I should have replied that I wouldn't pay and that I would change. Then when he tried to stop me from getting out, I should have shown him my first class ticket. See?"

"Yes."

"Can't you imagine what a silly goat that inspector would have looked? The man he came to my carriage, and he said, 'Tickets, please.' I began, 'I haven't got a second class ticket, but—' Then he interrupted me. He said 'Show your ticket, please,' speaking quite civilly, as if he were being patient with a child that couldn't understand. Then I had to show it, and he didn't seem surprised or amused or pained. He said, 'Thank you,' and went on. Other people in the carriage smiled a good deal, and I rather fancy they were smiling at me. These things don't work out the way you have planned them beforehand. That was what was wrong with the signaling in the park."

"What was that?"

"That was what brought me to the condition in which you saw me yesterday. I had seen the signaling in the park. They fool about with flags and notebooks, and crowds come round and get rightily interested. Well, my idea was to do some bogus signaling that didn't mean anything and that would crowd. I meant to write to the papers about it afterward, so that the crowd would know they'd been fooled and get mad with themselves. That's the last thing, by the way, I ever do with Jennings. I told him about it, and he was a good deal amused and said he'd join in it. We put on blue serge suits and yachting caps, so that we looked official, with a dash of the navy about us. We had no flags, because we thought it would be more fun to signal with our arms and legs, but we both carried thundering big notebooks. We took up our position in the park about 50 yards apart and took care to be near a path where plenty of people would be passing. Jennings signaled first. He stood on his left leg and worked an imaginary bicycle with his right. Then he began his kumbya, shouting sharply twice and finished by striking his chest with both hands alternately very quickly. I thought I should have died of laughing, but I controlled myself and pretended to take down the meaning of all the signals in my notebook."

"Then it was my turn to signal. I did a windmill action with my right arm and bell pulling with my left. Then I covered my left eye with one hand and stamped with my right foot. I threw in a few more eccentric movements, and of course Jennings pretended to record them. By this time each of us had a large crowd around him. At last, when the crowd seemed much annoyed, moved after me. Jennings, seeing there was trouble on, bolted at once in the most cowardly way instead of coming to help me, and as he had only nonsensical at his end he was all right."

"But you were not?"

"The police got me out of the park in the end and put me into the lamson in which you saw me. I can't understand why the crowd lost its temper over a harmless little joke like that, but it did. Anyway, I've done with these smart tricks now. In future you'll kindly remember that I'm just as big a fool as anybody else."

I promised not to forget it.—Black and White.

Briefs From Billville.

Our first bale of cotton was marketed yesterday. We got \$10 or 30 days for it.

Several of our boys who have been mustered out of the war have returned home to eat up their pensions.

Very few have returned for the Philippines. In fact, it's hot enough in the Georgia pines for us.

The Lord will provide. Cotton has been largely killed out, and we won't have to sell it for 5 cents.

We're out for councilman from the First ward; but if we miss it in the Second, Politics is quiet. Almost the only people running are those who have the sheriff behind them.—Atlanta Constitution.

Outclassed.

"You must remember," said the proud Yankee girl, "that I am a Daughter of the Revolution."

"Pooh!" exclaimed the beautiful, dark eyed woman from Central America. "I am a Daughter of Six Revolutions."—Chicago Times-Herald.

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For Rheumatism and Neuralgia.

This remedy is a most efficient blood purifier and will leave the system in splendid condition. Most cases will be cured by one bottle, but stubborn chronic cases may require from three to six bottles.

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Finest Trimmed Millinery

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Special...

We have a lot of Infants' Cloaks we are closing out at less than half price while they last. We received today the best 50c Corset sold in Akron. See them. Our line of Millinery was never so large and attractive as now. We are familiar with all the markets of the country.

J. W. LITTLE

MILITANT DANCING ACADEMY.....

Beginners' Class Monday evenings, 8 o'clock; Advance Class Wednesday evenings, 8 o'clock. Private instruction by appointment. Music furnished for parties. We have no flags, because we thought it would be more fun to signal with our arms and legs, but we both carried thundering big notebooks. We took up our position in the park about 50 yards apart and took care to be near a path where plenty of people would be passing. Jennings signaled first. He stood on his left leg and worked an imaginary bicycle with his right. Then he began his kumbya, shouting sharply twice and finished by striking his chest with both hands alternately very quickly. I thought I should have died of laughing, but I controlled myself and pretended to take down the meaning of all the signals in my notebook."

First-Class Grocery For Sale...

Known as

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414 E. Market St.

Good reasons for selling.

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138 N. Howard

faith in the future and did not entirely despair.

One day in the wilds of Cuba Corporal Hume's regiment halted on the edge of an apparently impassable gorge. With his usual lack of forethought the commanding general had not sent any engineer with the advance, although the movement was an extremely important one. The men, exhausted by the heat and the long march, threw themselves on the ground, glad of a chance to rest. Not so the colonel. He swore vociferously at the gorge, but, being neither Moses nor Joshua, it did no good. The gorge was still there.

That was Hume's opportunity. Waiting for a break in the colonel's incantations, he approached, and, respectfully saluting, informed him that if he could have a detail of 20 men he could bridge the chasm in an hour. "You can save the whole blasted regiment if you need it," was the reply.

The bridge was quickly constructed, and the regiment safely passed over, thanks to that engineer fellow, but in the battle of the following day he was severely wounded.

Long weeks of suffering succeeded, but one day as he was sitting in front of the hospital, weak but convalescent, an orderly appeared and asked the surgeon in charge if Lieutenant Hume was there. "No," said the surgeon, "this isn't the officer's ward. That's on the other side of the hall."

"Beg pardon for contradicting superiors," said the orderly, "but read this," at the same time handing him a paper.

It was a communication from Washington appointing Milton Hume a lieutenant of engineers for bravery on the field and skill in engineering.

Of his subsequent recovery, expert service where experts were called in, and of his brilliant career, it is not necessary to speak. Suffice it to say that several months later a tall young gentleman in the uniform of a captain of engineers walked up with a very confident air.

The welcome he received from Milton may be imagined, but the surprise and consternation of the colonel cannot be expressed.

That "that engineer fellow" could have become an "officer and a gentleman" was past belief. It was contrary to all traditions of "Army Success." Due investigation of the colonel, however, proved that Captain Hume's position was unassailable, so he concluded to make the best of the situation.

The colonel has even been heard to speak of the brilliant "engineer" as "my son-in-law." Hume, of the engineers, said.—Boston Post.

Doing Without the Dot.

The small letter "i" was formerly written without the dot. The dot was introduced in the fourteenth century to distinguish "i" from "l" in hasty and indistinct writing. The letter "j" was originally used where the letter "i" is now employed. The distinction between "i" and "j" was introduced by the Dutch printers at a comparatively recent date, and the "j" was dropped because the "i," from which it was derived, was written with a dot.

Hint For Writers.

Don't moisten your new pen between your lips before you begin to write. Take your cheap steel pen, dip it in the ink, then hold it in the flame of a match for a few seconds, wipe it carefully, dip it into the ink again, and you have a pen that will make glad the heart within you. Try it once.—Navvoo Rustler.

Before and After.

"My dear," said Mrs. Hunevell as she poured the coffee at breakfast the other morning, "do you believe in the eternal fitness of things?"

"I used to," replied Hunevell, "but that was before you began to make my shirts."—Chicago News.

An amateur editor has made a fortune by his pen. His father died of grief on reading one of his editorials and left him \$150,000.—Navvoo Independent.

LOCAL MARKETS.

WHEAT 69 CENTS.

Retail Prices.

Oct. 27, 8 p. m.—Butter, creamery 30c; country 25c; lard 10c; eggs 25c; chickens, 15c per lb. dressed, spring chicken 15c a lb.

Butter, creamery, 25c; country 15c; lard, 6c to 8c; eggs, 15c; chickens, live 7 to 8c, dressed 11c.

Navy beans, \$1.60; marrowfat beans \$1.30.

Potatoes, 5c to 40c.

Cured hides, No. 1, 94c No. 2, 84c; green No. 1, 74c No. 2, 64c; cured calf skins, No. 1, 104c No. 2, 94c; green, No. 1, 8c; No. 2, 8c; tallow, No. 1, 4c sheep pelts, 40 to 65c; lamb skins 45c.

Pork, dressed, 54c to 64c; live 54c; mutton, live, 44c to 54c; dressed, 84c to 9c; spring lamb, 10c; pork, loins, 10c; veal, live 3 to 54c, dressed, 9 to 10c.

Sugar-cured, ham, 10c to 114c; shouder, 84c to 7c; California ham, 64c to 7c; bacon, 8 to 9c; dried beef, 15 to 18c; lard, pure, 7c; in tub, 74c in tierces; country kettle 6c; pure lard, 6c.

Wholesale Prices:

Wheat 69c; oats 25c; corn, ear, 20c; corn, shelled, 87c; bay, \$10.50 to \$11; rye, 55c.

Butter, creamery, 25c; country 15c; lard, 6c to 8c; eggs, 15c; chickens, live 7 to 8c, dressed 11c.

Navy beans, \$1.60; marrowfat beans \$1.30.

Potatoes, 5c to 40c.

Cured hides, No. 1, 94c No. 2, 84c; green No. 1, 74c No. 2, 64c; cured calf skins, No. 1, 104c No. 2, 94c; green, No. 1, 8c; No. 2, 8c; tallow, No. 1, 4c sheep pelts, 40 to 65c; lamb skins 45c.

Pork, dressed, 54c to 64c; live 54c; mutton, live, 44c to 54c; dressed, 84c to 9c; spring lamb, 10c; pork, loins, 10c; veal, live 3 to 54c, dressed, 9 to 10c.

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ONLY A CIVIL ENGINEER

By Edith Hastings

When Milton Hume arrived in Boston, he was in a greatly discouraged state of mind. Educated as a civil engineer, he had worked at his profession assiduously and achieved some prominence. He had been cheered in his efforts by the hope of attaining a sufficient competence to warrant him in asking Colonel Hume for "his eyes," otherwise known as his daughter, Millicent. They had met at the house of a mutual friend, and Milton was at once captured by her many graces of mind and heart and soon found that if papa would consent he would not say him nay.

Papa seemed to be, however, an insurmountable obstacle. He had been prematurely retired from the army on account of failing vision and was well known in "army circles" at Washington, chiefly on account of his intransigence of temper and his intolerance of people outside the army.

To justice to the colonel it must be said that he never visited his ill temper upon Millicent, who was as sweet tempered as she was beautiful—that is, not until he discovered that she was writing, and then he was becoming significant. Millicent was at once married and summarily convicted of having deliberately encouraged the attentions of a good for nothing civilian, a mere nobody, of whom no one had ever heard. "Why," said the late colonel in snapping up, "I have seen him actually working among common laborers, and in his shirt sleeves at that."

Millicent was surprised to find, upon meeting that wrathful gentleman the next day, was informed that an attempt to do so would be met with "personal chastisement with a cane, sah."

The threat did not alarm Millicent, but the colonel was Millicent's father, and the only thing possible to do was to wait and hope for the clouds to lift.

Instead of lifting they became blacker than the clouds of a storm, and finally, by crooked dealings of his partner, and instead of nearing the desired competency found himself heavily in debt. Sacrificing everything material that he possessed he took the dust of Washington from his feet and went to Boston, where he had hope of employment, but not before a stolen interview with Millicent was engineered. Eternal vows of constancy were exchanged and the usual quantity of tears shed, accompanied by uncomplimentary remarks on the fickle jade, Fortune, on his part and cheering words on hers. "Something tells me," said Millicent, "that everything will come out all right, and this new departure of yours may make your fortune."

But the fortune did not materialize, the field was overcrowded, and after some early weeks of unsuccessful effort he found himself nearly at the end of his resources with no employment in prospect.

One morning as he started on his quest for a position he was electrified by the announcement of "War with Spain!" His mind was instantly made up. Hurrying to the nearest armory he enlisted as a private soldier in a volunteer regiment. Showing unselfish zeal and aptitude, he was made a corporal and in that humble capacity marched bravely away.

A hurried letter apprised Millicent of what had happened, but did not add to her happiness, as the colonel informed her that a private soldier was all "that engineer fellow" was good for, and she knew that in the colonel's mind a private soldier was irretrievably outside the social pale. She, however, had still some

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Gold Collar Button.

Mailed free for 5 lion heads cut from Lion Coffee wrappers and a 2-cent stamp. Made of rolled gold and with mother-of-pearl back; suitable alike for ladies and gentlemen. This shape is handy and popular.

Daisy Neck-Pin.

Genuine Hard-Enamel and Gold.

Mailed free for 5 lion heads and a 2-cent stamp. The illustration is only two-thirds actual size. Color a delicate pink, and set with a very superior and stylish stone. Best enamel finish, stylish and durable.

"The Lion's Bride."

Mailed free for 12 lion heads cut from Lion Coffee wrappers and a 2-cent stamp. An unusually fine picture, from the brush of the noted German artist, Gabriel Max. It is founded on Chaucer's poem, "The Lion's Bride." The story is interesting, and we send with each picture a handsome folder, containing copy of the poem and telling all about it. Size, 15x25 inches.

Ladies' Apron.

Made of good quality lawn, with alternate reversing and tucked hem at bottom, and is neatly gathered at waist. A very superior and stylish article. Size, 36x40 inches. Given for 20 lion heads and a 2-cent stamp.

Fruit Picture.

Mailed free for 15 lion heads and a 2-cent stamp. Made of closely braided cotton threads, strong, and will give the best of satisfaction.

"Dorothy and Her Friends."

A bright, cheery picture. For 8 lion heads and a 2-cent stamp.

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Given for 15 lion heads and a 2-cent stamp. Made of closely braided cotton threads, strong, and will give the best of satisfaction.

Every time you buy a pound package of LION COFFEE you have bought something else, too. Don't overlook it! You have bought a certain portion of some article to be selected by you from our new Premium Lists!

THE ABOVE ARE ONLY A FEW OF THE LION COFFEE PREMIUMS. Another list will shortly appear in this paper! Don't miss it! The grandest list of premiums ever offered!

LAST MAN ON EARTH.

WHAT IS THE DREAD PATE THAT AWAITS THIS MORTAL?

Many Theories as to the Manner of Life and Death That Will Be the Portion of the Last Relic of Humanity as It Now Exists.

Astronomers tell us that the day must come when the earth will, like the moon, wheel through the heavens a dead and barren ball of waterless, lifeless, fireless. But long, long before that time man will be extinct, will have disappeared so utterly that not so much as the bleached skeleton of a human being will be visible on all the millions of square miles of the surface of this planet.

Unless by some huge and universal cataclysm the whole race is swept at once into eternity it is but reasonable to suppose that man, like any other race of animals, will disappear slowly and that eventually there will be but a single human being left—some old, old man, gray headed and bearded, and left to wander alone in a solitude that may be imagined, but not described.

How will he die, this last relic of the teeming millions that once transformed the face of the globe and ruled undisputed masters of every other living thing? There are many fates that may befall him. He may go mad with the horror of loneliness and himself and his own miserable existence. He may be eaten by the vast reptiles or giant insects which will then probably infest the solitudes.

But his fate may be far wilder and more dreadful. Scientists say that, as we burn the coal and timber we are still so richly supplied with, we lose into the atmosphere an ever increasing volume of carbonic acid gas. Much of this is taken up by plants, but not all. It must increase and eventually poison the breathable air, filling the valleys and mounting slowly to the hill tops, where the last remains of animal life are striving for higher ground. Then will occur an explosion so terrible as may startle the inhabitants of neighboring worlds. The last man in this case will probably be some arctic explorer or Eskimo whom the vast plains of ice around will save from instant death and leave to grill a few moments till the ice continents are

swallowed by red-hot gases and steam. Suppose these earth cranks develop more slowly, they may suck away the water without devastating explosions. Then the last man's fate will be the worst describable. He will die of thirst. The scene of his death will probably be the great valley in the end of the Atlantic ocean, off the Brazilian coast, half way between Rio Janeiro and the cape, where now six miles of green water lie between the steamer's wake and the abyssal slime beneath. There, hopelessly digging in the ever drying mud, he must perish and leave his bones to parch on a waterless planet.

The antarctic polar ice cap has been growing thicker and heavier for uncounted ages. The distance from the south pole to the edge of this ice cap is 1,400 miles. The ice rises steadily from the edge to the center. At that center it cannot be less than 12 miles in thickness—twice as thick as Mount Everest is high.

Suppose it splits. Imagine the gigantic mass of water and ice that will come sweeping up north over the oceans and continents of the earth! Where, then, will the last man breathe his final gasp? High up in the snows of some great range he will perish miserably of cold and starvation, looking down on a huge shallow sea, beneath whose tossing waters will lie the whole of the races of the world.

Or last, and perhaps dreariest fate of all, the human race may outlive other mammals and last until the sun, as some day it must, grows dull and cold and vegetation dies from the chilled earth. The miserable remnant of earth's people must then slowly die out after ages of an existence to which that of the Eskimo of today is a paradise.

DIAMOND DOLLARS OF 1804.

Only Four of the Original Coinage of 19,570 in Existence.

"Every now and then one reads about the discovery of another of the famous 'diamond dollars' of 1804," said a gentleman of this city who owns one of the finest private collections of coins and medals in the south. "The dollars of that date are popularly supposed to be worth from \$1,500 to \$2,000 apiece, and if a few originals could be produced I dare say they would bring that figure easily enough. But it happens, unfortunately, that there are only four on earth, and they are locked up in the vaults of the treasury building at Washington and couldn't be bought at any price. They are what are known as the 'test pieces,' which are always laid aside whenever a new coin is struck, and the rest of the issue is at this moment quietly reposing under



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Mantel Clock. By express, prepaid, for 110 lion heads and a 2-cent stamp. Frame beautifully finished with gilt. Stand 5 inches high. A beauty and good time-keeper.

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Box of Colored Crayons. For 10 lion heads and a 2-cent stamp. Fine wax crayons, fifteen different colors, according to the pictures for coloring. Each crayon is wrapped with strong paper, to prevent breaking.

Ladies' Scissors. Length, five inches, suitable for cutting, trimming and general household use. Given for 12 lion heads and a 2-cent stamp.

Razor. Given for 35 lion heads and a 2-cent stamp. A first-class razor, made of best English steel, and extra hollow ground.

Rubber Dressing Comb. For 10 lion heads and a 2-cent stamp. Length, 7 inches, full size and weight. Made of genuine India rubber, nicely finished. Appropriate for a ladies' dressing-case or for use in the household.

Game "India." Similar to "Parachee," which has been played in eastern countries since before the dawn of history. The illustration shows plan of the game, with all the pieces and dice accompanying. Never tire of playing. Given for 20 lion heads and a 2-cent stamp.

Naval Box Kite. The celebrated box kite, long and narrow, can be quickly folded, but can quickly be unfolded. Every American boy wants one, and older people also are interested. Mailed free for 40 lion heads cut from Lion Coffee wrappers and a 2-cent stamp.

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AN ENGLISH "TREAT."

The Difference Between the British and American Methods.

I was constantly struck, says Colonel T. W. Higginson in "The Atlantic," with the genuine spirit of hospitality among Englishmen toward Americans, as such, even those with whose pursuits they might have almost nothing in common, and for whom they had not the slightest reason to put themselves out. I liked this more than the less for its having its definite limitations as to pecuniary obligations, and the like, including everything in the nature of "treating," all this being in my opinion a weak point in our more gushing or more self-conscious habit.

I remember to have once been taken by a gentleman, on whom I had but the slightest claim, to the country house of another, on whom I had no claim whatever. The latter was not at all literary, and had not even the usual vague English interest in American affairs. Yet he gave up his whole afternoon to drive me to Kenilworth, which he had seen a thousand times. But that for which I liked him best, and which afforded me a wholly new experience, was that as we entered the outer doorway, he, going first, looked back over his shoulder and said simply, "They make you pay threepence for admission here," and then added, speaking to the attendant, "Here is my threepence."

After all the time and trouble he had given to his stranger guest he left him to pay his own threepence, a thing which most Americans would not have dreamed of doing. It would have been the American notion of good breeding to save a guest from expense, as it was the English impulse to save him from the sense of obligation. I confess that I prefer the latter method.

Don't be fooled twice in the same way.—Athenian Globe.

Simply Horrible.

"No, Weary, I shall never approach that man's insupportable door again."

"But, Limpy, it's six miles to the next house."

"Can't help it, it's 20. That man once did me the greatest injury that can be paid to a gentleman of my profession."

"Did he hit you with a bed slat, Limpy?"

"Naw! He turned de bone on me."—Afterward that the coin was a restrike.

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